

Faux

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Summary: SLASH, HET and SPOILERS for episode 100! Directly following episode 100, Church is beginning to break down after everything that has happend. Is he really losing his mind, or is something else happening in Blue base?

Faux

"Church?"

Huh? What? Who is that?

"Church!"

My eyes fly open and I jerk out of bed at the sound of someone bursting through my door. It's Tucker. What the fuck?

His eyes are gigantic and he runs straight up to me and grabs my shoulders.

"Church, you'll never guess what happened!!"

Tucker shakes me a few times and I seem to finally be waking up. Okay. So, either Caboose's head is stuck in the freezer again and I need to come and see right away, or the Reds are attacking and we're all about to die.

Right. No chance in hell.

"Tucker, shut up for a second. What the hell are you babbling about?" I pry him off of me and roll out of bed. Apparently I went to bed half in my armor. Again.

Insomnia is really starting to get to me.

"Come on man, I gotta show you!!" He pulls me along, and I'm too tired to deal with Tucker right now and end up just letting him guide me through the base.

"This better be worth you waking me up. I finally got to sleep!"

"Oh trust me, it's totally worth it," he said. As we approached the mess hall Tucker decided that I was moving at a good enough speed to let my hand go. He is still wearing that shit eating grin. That can't possibly end well for me.

He pauses outside of the door to the mess. And just stands there grinning, his eyes flicking into the mess hall.

"So what, did Caboose get his head stuck somewhere again?" I finally voice my thoughts. Tucker just laughs and motions that I should get into the mess hall already.

Fine. Lets see what he woke me up out of the first decent sleep I've had since Tex died to see"

"Church," she said, turning to look at me, her hair flipping over her shoulder.

"Tex!"

She smiles at me and walks forward, her cocky hippy swagger catching my eye and suddenly reminding me why I haven't slept for a month since I thought she'd died.

"Hey Church, come on man," Tucker says, his voice suddenly lacking all the fun and playful mischief it had a second ago.

"Church," Tex practically purrs as she leans forward, her hand barely brushing my chest armor.

"Tex" "

I stop whatever I was about to say as my eyes open up and I see a head of cornrows and a scowl far too close for comfort.

"AHH!" I can't help the reaction and punch up at the teal soldier, but my fist barely grazes his armored shoulder.

He's lucky I'm still not awake enough to aim or he'd have one hell of a bruised jaw.

Tucker screams just as loudly and flings himself away from me in terror.

"What the fuck?!"

"Hey man, that's what I came in here to find out," Tucker says. He's climbing up from the ground, looking hesitant to come any closer to the bed for fear of me lashing out again.

Man! what a dream.

I better not be fucking cracking up.

If I go crazy Blue team is gonna go down the crapper real fast.

"I just came in here to shut you up. You're keeping up the whole base."

He glares at me, and I see the anger flicker out of his face for just a second. I ignore it and look down, realizing I'm still wearing all my armor except for my helmet and my shoes.

"Dude, when was the last time you actually slept?"

Just ignore him. He'll lose interest if I don't move.

"Hey man, you really gotta get over it. I mean, Junior died in the explosion too and I'm fucking over it already."

I practically snarl at him.

"Look, first of all, you losing your little maggot isn't the same as Tex dying. And second of all—" Struggling for a second of all I instead stand up and push past him.

"You've been screaming her name whenever you fall asleep. I mean, come on, we all miss her. Shooting at us. Doing all the fighting for us. Her ass when she walked around—"

My fingers are clenching around his throat before I catch myself, the MJOLNIR armor doing its job as I hit him with such force that he's pushed against the wall, his feet swinging helplessly above the ground.

Having been sleeping like a normal person, in just a tanktop and boxers, he has no chance of overpowering me in my armor, his fingers grab and pull helplessly at my wrists.

Just as Tucker's eyes are starting to flutter over his eyes I hear a voice.

"Church, let him go."

My teammate falls to the floor in a heap, coughing and sputtering as he tries to get his breath back. He and I both stare at the door in complete shock.

A suit of black armor with a shock of red hair and her hands on her hips.

"Tex!"

Ack!

My eyes open and my face is on its way to meet the floor. I flail and manage to avoid breaking my nose as I fall out of bed. Only once I'm on the floor do I realize I've thrashed myself right out of bed.

Without thinking I look over the top of the bed at the doorway.

Son of a bitch.

Blue team really is fucked now.

Still have all my armor on. Except my chest plate. Guess I must have taken it off before finally falling asleep.

Yeah right, falling asleep. I fuckin passed out of exhaustion.

I look at my floor, knowing that my alarm clock must be somewhere nearby. Where the hell did I toss it this time?

My hand glances over something alarm clock shaped and I pick it up to look at the time. 3:42 am.

A more ungodly hour I've never heard of.

I flop my arm over my eyes, almost giving myself that bloody nose I just avoided. Fucking armor.

If I take it off I might be able to sleep better. Butâ€|nah, that's just dumb. I don't wanna sleep. No sleep for me.

I'm sure I can just keep going without it. Not like a month of sleep is too bad for you.

Except apparently now I'm hallucinating in my dreams about my dead ex-girlfriend.

Oh yeah, this is just the high point of my whole fucking life.

The door opens, but I leave my arm where it is. I don't wanna have to deal with Tucker's whining and bitching, and there's no way in hell I'm awake enough to deal with Caboose yet. Or Doc's voice. Or Sisterâ€|well, just Sister in general.

"Look, I don't care which of you it is, but get the fuck out."

No sound. Alright, maybe for once they listened to me. The door closes before I hear the distinct thumping of armored feet.

Ah fuck.

Whichever idiot it is under my command, they just keep coming closer. I'm seriously gonna lose it if these fuckers don't leave me alone.

"Are you deaf or just stupid? I said out!"

Hm. Nope. Still no sound of getting the fuck out.

"Church."

Now that's a voice I'm not familiar with. Very crackly, like someone's radio was broken.

Fine. I'll fucking get up. I'm obviously not going to have a peaceful night of insomnia tonight.

I sit up in bed, and look at the person standing in my room. They're in full armor. Full black armor.

"Church. It's me, Tex."

That's where that voice was coming from. A voice changer.

"You're dead."

Despite my recent encounters with the ghost Tex of my dreams, I'm able to say that one thing totally deadpan.

Oh yeah bitches. Total cool points for Church.

Despite the fact that I'm currently having a nervous breakdown.

"No, I'm alive. After all, I'm a robot, right?" She walks a little closer, until she's standing on the side of my bed.

"Why the voice changer?"

"I've been out on the job. And I have to leave again. Tonight. I just happened to be coming by here, and decided to say goodbye."

She reaches out, and very slowly and carefully places her hand on the side of my face, slowly pulling it down to caress my jaw.

Oh shit. Just that feeling. I haven't been touched by anyone in months. Not under the armor.

I've barely been out of my cobalt suit since she died—since I thought she'd died.

"Why didn't you come back sooner? Let me know you were still alive, you coldhearted bitch," I jokes with her. I reach up and hold her armored hand in mine, keeping it where it is, warm and real and pressed against my cheek.

"I had to get my body fixed. I didn't die, but I was hurt a lot. And plus, it's better if you forget about me. I'm going away now, and I'm not coming back."

She pulls her hand out of my grip, which suddenly feels slack and weak, despite the fact that I could easily crush a bowling ball with the strength in one of my armored hands.

This is new. Usually I don't get even this far in my dreams. But it has to be a dream. It just has to be. She can't be alive.

She isn't. I know she's dead.

Oh hey look. I came to terms with it. Now, back to the dream Tex.

"You can't stay, just for the rest of the night?" I grab her hips and pull her forward, as I sit on the edge of my bed.

Suddenly Tex seems much more hesitant, and struggles briefly against my hold before placing her hands on my shoulders.

"I can't Church. Like I said. I have to go—"

I don't let go. With one hand I hold onto the side of her hip armor while I reach down and hit the release switches for my own waist armor. I toss it away, before grabbing one of the hands she is using

to brace herself on my shoulder and begin to pull it down over my chest.

Now her helmet flicks quickly from her hand pressing against the black under armor that still covers my chest, and down slowly over my stomach. I stop moving her hand for her, and just wait.

But I don't let go. Oh hell no. No fucking way. But I don't quite force her.

She just stands there, nothing about her moving but that small head movement that makes the dull glow in her reflective shield shift up and down.

"Church, I really can'tâ€¦" She tries to pull away but I don't release her. Granted, if she really wanted to, Tex could kick my ass three times before it hit the floor. But she's not doing it.

Which means something.

"Please, Tex," I say. There's no pleading in my voice. Oh no, Church will not be the one to beg.

Alright, saying please is close to begging. But its not the same. And its one hell of a difference to me.

That seems to snap her out of it and I feel the hand that still rests on my shoulder give a twitch. Then she slowly moves the other over my stomach, tracing lower along the tight black under armor.

"You sure?"

She stops just short of my crotch, hesitant and waiting. I nod and feel her just barely brush her hand over my cock, which sends me practically bucking up into her hand. Which just causes a firmer press.

Its been too long. Way fucking too long.

Her fingers cup around me through the under armor and give a quick experimental stroke. It feels good. Very good.

"Tex, take it off," I say roughly, raising my hand from her hip toward her helmet. But she pulls away the hand that's been oh-so-nicely pawing at my cock and snatches it before I can touch her helmet.

I glare into the yellow mask, all reflective with no sign of who's under it.

Church is now back in the building. And I know a few things.

One, Tex is not hesitant in anything she does. Sex least of all. And second, she loves someone running fingers through her hair during sex. And would never miss out on the chance.

Black armor.

Special ops.

Or anyone who goes through the teleporter on our side of the canyon.

Fuck.

I barely register my motions as I throw myself off the bed and knock the other soldier off balance. He's not expecting it.

He's also not expecting me to grab him by his arms and slam him against the wall. His head gives off a satisfying thunk before he goes momentarily limp in my arms, the meeting of his helmet and the concrete enough to make him lose his balance.

I flip him around and pull him back away from the wall, my arms wrapped around his chest, pinning his arms to his side. The back of his chest plate presses against my chest, a little painfully, but I can ignore it.

"You know what Tucker, you're a fucking piece of work you know that?" I tighten my hold on him and for once am thankful that I've been living in my armor this past month. Without the added strength of the MJOLNIR I wouldn't have a chance of holding down another armed soldier.

"I'm not Tucker. I'm Tex." The echoey radio voice responds. He struggles in my hold, but seems to realize fairly quickly that I'm not going to let go.

"Oh, you're Tex are you?" I ask, forced and bitter naivety in my voice. Shifting my hold on him, I very carefully move one hand down, and press against the release switches that hold his waist armor clinging tightly to his hips. It falls to the floor between us with a clank and I reach down and forcefully grab the half-aroused erection through the under armor.

He gasps and writhes for a second, his legs trying to close around my hand. I just squeeze him harder, a swift fierce squeeze that lets him know who's boss right now.

"Funny, don't remember Tex having a dick the last time I saw her," I alternate a few quick strokes and more firm clamps of my hand over Tucker's crotch, and he lets out a half choked sound.

"So Tucker, ready to admit that you're so fucking pathetic you decided to take advantage of your commanding officer through this chicken shit stunt?"

"But Church I'mâ€" "

I cut him off with another firm grope, making sure to keep track of just how much strength I use. The armor assist in my hands is just as strong as anywhere else. I'm not planning on doing him any permanent damage. But I want to teach him a lesson.

"What I really want to know is why Tucker? To put all this together. You'd have to have actually done work. And we all know that won't happen unless hell is freezing over. So what exactly," I paused as I loosen my hand up a bit and feel the tension in his legs loosen as well, the reduced pressure on his groin letting him have a moment of peace. "Were you thinking?"

"I-I just wantedâ€¦you wereâ€¦" He just trails off and I don't give him the time to recollect his thoughts, pan out his lies for the one that'll work best. I wrap my hand as firmly around his dick as I can and give it a nice hard stroke, my wrist pressing against his lower stomach so hard that I can feel his muscles jumping with the stimulation. "You were yelling her name in your sleep and I wanted to make you happy!" He half gasps and half cries out.

"That's the worst fucking lie I've ever heard you tell Tucker. Try again," I hiss in the audio speaker of his helmet, and loosen my grip on him just a little, although I keep stroking him. "Was it to have something to hold over me later? A prank. 'Hey Church, remember that time you let me wank you off cause you were stupid enough to think I was Tex, bow chicka bow wow!'"

With each syllable of his favorite phrase I give his cock a firm stroke, pressing it hard against his lower abs. He writhes harder now. A lot going on now seems to be harder than before.

"Shit man. You're really enjoying this aren't you?" I remove my hand completely and am shocked to say the least to see his hips follow me for a second. Like he didn't want it to end.

Ah. Now that makes sense.

"Or maybe you finally got tired of jacking off behind your rock all by yourself that you decided to try and get some. And using Tex's name to do it. You're fucking trash Tucker."

"But Church Iâ€¦"

I cup his balls and he shuts up quickly, his head falling down onto his chest as he shifts from tiptoe to tiptoe, trying to keep his whole body weight from bearing down on the point where my hand is bracing him up.

"I don't want your excuses. Tex is dead Tucker. She's not coming back. And I'm fucking losing my mind over it. I miss her like shit. But you know what," I begin to run my hand up and down his cock faster, pressing the heel of my hand down to create more friction. He tries to pull his legs together again to stop me, but it only succeeds in trapping my hand right in his crotch and does nothing to keep my from touching him again and again.

"Maybe I'll feel better about losing her after a nice mind numbing blow job. What do you think of that Tucker? Wanna see why you shouldn't fucking try and take advantage of someone stronger and smarter than you?"

I spin him around, pulling his wrists together in one hand as I shove him down on his knees in front of me. His whole body is shuddering from his arousal, and now that I'm in front of him I can see just how hard he is.

He shifts around on his knees, and I wonder if I had kept going instead of stopping would he have come in his under armor by now.

Using my free hand I reach under his chin and find the switch that

release the helmet. After a soft hiss I grab it off his hand and throw it off into the corner, ready to see those brown eyes all glazed with arousal.

Instead I see a mop of blond hair, and big blue eyes drowning in tears that are streaking their way down his face.

"What the fuck!" I drop his hands like they're diseased and back up from him.

Caboose doesn't wait a second and springs to his feet, running out of the room and leaving his helmet and hip armor on the floor.

Oh shit.

Fucking shit. What the fuck was that?

Since whenâ€¦|howâ€¦|oh fuck me.

I drop to my knees and dry heave right there, yellowy bile coming up and just making me heave again, my empty stomach rebelling at the attempts my body is making to make the sickness go away.

What did I just fucking do? Or almost did.

I can't stop the image of Caboose with his legs crossed, trying to get me to stop even as he got harder with my hand wedged into his crotch.

Fuck!

Punching the floor might not actually help right now, but it sure makes me feel better. For just that split second when I hear my armor and the concrete smash together, and the crunching of the bits of concrete breaking off under the strength of my armor.

That didn't last long enough.

Son of a bitch.

Well this isn't making anything better. And I'm ruining the floor. I scramble to my feet and hesitate in the room a second longer before grabbing my discarded chest and waist armor and quickly reattach it.

I wait even longer staring at the pieces of black armor on the floor. I can see smudges where the black stuff rubbed off under my hands, and regulation blue is peaking through.

Fuck.

I grab it and run out of the room, almost running over Tucker in the process.

"What the hell's going on man? First Caboose is running around the base and now you. And why was his armor all black again?" Tucker is standing there, his shirt riding up and his hair bent in odd directions after sleeping on it. Any other time I'd have made fun of him. Instead I come right up to him, and I see his face shift as soon as he realizes that I'm not in the mood to play around.

"Where did Caboose go?"

He just kinda blinks for a second. Come on Tucker. Fire those neurons.

"He ran up the ramp, but seriously Church, what's going on?"

"It's nothing," I say, but he crosses his arms and glares at me. "Look Tucker, it doesn't involve you. So just back the fuck off alright."

I push past him with ease and head for the ramp that leads to the roof of the base. I hope he's up here. Knowing my luck this would be the one time the Reds would actually be patrolling the canyon and would find Caboose unarmed and without his helmet.

Getting to the roof I look around, seeing my sniper rifle hanging where it should be, and no sign of any Reds in the area. And a small flicker of regulation blue.

Alright, so at least I didn't lose him.

Or you knowâ€¦get him shot by the Reds.

One thing about MJOLNIR armor. There's no way you're going to ever fucking sneak up on anyone. I walk as quietly as I can in the damn stuff towards the other end of the rooftop.

Caboose is sitting with his legs over the edge, his back hunched up and is wiping away at his face. Oh shit, he's still crying. I feel like a total dick.

"Caboose?" I say in the softest tone I can muster as I come up behind him. He glances to the side, where my shadow is hovering next to his seat.

"Please Church, I'm really sorry. I didn'tâ€¦please don't shoot meâ€¦"

Aw crap.

How do I even deal with this kinda thing? This is something I never thought I'd have to deal with when I signed up for the army.

"Don't worry Caboose. I'm not gonna shoot you or anything," I say as I take those last few steps and sit next to the blond private, letting my legs hang over the edge also.

Caboose carefully leans away from me. I wonder if he has any idea how much that kinda shit hurts right now. I'm trying to apologize here.

"Here's your armor," I say as I hand over the codpiece. He takes it as if he's afraid I'm going to go back on what I said and smack him with the stuff. He clicks it back into place, shifting around where he sits to get it on right.

"Really Caboose. I'm so fucking sorry. I thoughtâ€¦" I thought you were Tucker. So I can sexually abuse him but not you. Wow. Fuckin

Church logic for you there. "Look it doesn't matter what I thought, I'm sorry."

He just sits there, and sniffles as he stares down at the red blood gulch dirt. If he's just look at me I'd feel like I'm at least getting through to him.

"Caboose."

He still doesn't respond, except to sniffle and rub at his eyes again. He's not crying now, but his eyes are still puffy and glossy.

"You left this too."

I pass over his helmet, and he takes it and pulls it against his stomach, hugging it like a pillow or a stuffed animal. If it weren't for the fact that this situation is fucked up enough already, I may have had to admit that the motion was kinda cute.

"I-I didn't mean to Church. I just wanted you happy again." He says, intermittently sniffing and obviously trying to keep from crying again.

"Again? When the hell have I been happy here in Blood Gulch?" I say, trying to let him know that we're good. That we should be back to normal. Joking and laughing at each other.

"When Tex was here."

Ah fuck. So much for jokes and fun times.

"I thought if you thought she wasn't dead, that maybe you'd be happy again. But itâ€¦|it didn't workâ€¦|"

This just keeps getting worse and worse.

And the fact that Caboose seems to have been able to get into my head and know exactly what's been bothering me for weeks is kinda unsettling.

"Look Caboose. I miss Tex. There's no lying about it. But I'll get over it. And thanks, for trying," I carefully reach out and put my hand on his head, ruffling his bond hair around. He lets out a little watery sounding chuckle and I feel like things are finally going in the right direction.

"Did it work?" He looks over at me with those huge blue eyes, looking even bluer than usual because of the pink fringes left over from his tears. "Are you happy again?"

"Um...as much as I can be I guess," The guilt rears up in me again at his smile.

Shit. I can tell just by that look. He's still obsessed with being my best friend. Even after all of that.

"Look Caboose, are you okay? I didn't," before I realize I did it I had looked down at his crotch, where his helmet is still sitting loosely in his hands. I quickly look back up to his face, not quite

sure why it makes me embarrassed. "I didn't hurt you did I?"

He shakes his head no and I audibly sigh in relief.

"Good. But for fuck's sake Caboose, why didn't you stop me? You could left at any time, there's no way I can stop you."

All of a sudden there's a pink spreading across Caboose's cheeks to rival that in his eyes. He doesn't answer. Just goes back to staring at the ground.

I've been here for years. I know for a fact the Blood Gulch dirt isn't that interesting. And why is he blushing?

Oh.

Fuck me.

"Caboose?"

"Um, well, it was, you see, I, umâ€¦|didn't hate it? Didn't want it to stop. Before the hurting time." He is swinging his legs nervously and kicking the base with his heels every time he swings back.

Huh. Well. This is awkward on a whole new level.

"You know Caboose, I always knew you liked me and wanted to be my friend, but uhâ€¦|well this is kinda unexpected."

He hangs his blond head even lower, muttering under his breath, "Now are you going to shoot me?"

"I'm not gonna freaking shoot you, alright?" I shout, a little louder than I mean to. He shrinks away from me and again I feel that odd sense of guilt in the pit of my stomach.

I reach out and muss up his hair again, something I've taken to doing when Caboose seems like he needs a pick me up. As my hand finishes ruffling his hair, I slowly bring it down, almost petting through the longer strands that hang along the back of his neck.

He shuddered. Just as my fingertips brushed over the back of his neck. Unsure of how to deal with that, I just leave my hand where it is, resting on the back of his neck, my fingers pressing through his soft hair.

Fucking hell. I hope I can just blame this on the residual effects of being almost jacked off earlier by the kid.

I certainly don't like Caboose.

"Church?" He says very quietly, as I still haven't moved my hand. He just stares at me. Waiting and expecting me to move. Or smack him. Or yell. Something.

I just flex my hand, running those fingers over that spot where he hair stops short and his neck is bare before the suit's under armor start again. This time he's looking at me, so I can see his skin flush pink and his eyes blink quickly. I can feel the hairs prickling on the back of his neck.

"Um, whatâ€" "

"Shut up Caboose."

Pulling him to me is easy because of where we are, and I brace him with the hand on his neck, as I press my lips against his. Not sure why I'm kissing Caboose, who seems thoroughly confused now.

His hands shot out to catch himself as I pulled him close, and now one is sitting on my leg as the other presses against my chest. He keeps shifting them, unsure of himself and where they should be.

I press my tongue against his lips, which are just slightly open and I tip his head back so that I can force myself against his mouth. He just opens his lips even more, and feeling my tongue touch his sends a shot of arousal straight to me gut.

For fuck's sake. This day just gets weirder and weirder.

I try and not think about the fact that this is Caboose I'm making out with, and instead focus on the pressure of his lips as they work against my tongue, and the hesitance of his kiss as he slowly finds himself in the rhythm.

His hands finally relax and find their way around my neck, pressing me closer against him.

Drawing back from his mouth I press a kiss to the corner of his mouth, and can't help but enjoy the blush that's on his face, and the glaze in his eyes.

"Sorry for earlier. I didn't mean to hurt you. And thank you. For what you tried to do," I say as I pull away and stand up. Caboose just stays where he is, gently touching his fingers to his mouth in surprise. "Even if what you tried was pretty fuckin stupid."

He looks up but sees that I'm grinning and smiles. I reach out a hand and help him up, giving him one more ruffle through his hair as we walk back into the base.

"And rookie, if you ever try any of that shit again, I'll have your ass for it."

"Sure thing Church. As long as you're happy, I'm happy."

Okay, so first fic entry into the fandom.

Kinda oddâ€|I suck at just flat out writing smut. And its going to take me a while to get used to these characters. Like their voices and stuff are hard for me.

Well, there might be more RvB slash in the future. We'll have to wait and see.

End
file.